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LEASK, SASK.

A Blessed Christmas!



LIVING WITNESSES TO CHRIST!

ARCHBISHOP M. J. Lemieux of Ottawa once recalled in a letter to the Sacred Heart League of his Archdiocese words of the Holy Father that we, too, might remember as we look upon the Infant Christ in the manger.

His Holiness said: "Today, more than ever before, as in the earliest days of its existence, the Church needs witnesses who by their lives will show Christ and the Church before the eyes of the pagan world that surrounds them".

Archbishop Lemieux said to his people. "When you see the words, 'pagan world', you might be inclined to think that they do not apply to our country."

But he points out that they do apply to us for our own land is subject to all sorts of influences foreign to our beliefs and which are a menace to the morals and faith of our youth.

His words — addressed to the people of his own Archdiocese — could well be addressed to Catholic Indians for they, too, "are subject to all sorts of influences foreign to their beliefs".

On reservations we see the same signs of pagan influence that Archbishop Lemieux points out to his people: careless language and behavior; mortification an almost forgotten practice; persons who think the Church is behind the times, is too strict and that she should take up the slacker and easier customs and habits of modern times

Hence apostles are needed to bring our environment back to Christ and purify a civilization that has adopted money and

(Contd. p. 2, col. 4)

Christmas Greetings
to the
Indian Missions

VERY seldom is the idea stressed that one should enjoy all good things made by the Lord. The celebration of the Holy Feast of Christmas, as well as that of New Year, gives us occasion to invite our readers to share fully the true Christian joy which was brought to us the night the Angels sang the "Gloria in Excelsis!"

Christmas means so much to Catholics that the Church allows the celebration of the Mass three times, so no one need be deprived of Mass and Communion on that hallowed day.

In more than five hundred mission stations, from the fog-bound coast of the Atlantic, across the snowy reaches of the eastern provinces, the blizzard-swept prairies and the ice-laden Rockies, to the rainy coast of the Pacific, and north to the desertic wastes of the dark frigid land that reaches far beyond the Arctic circle, missionaries by the hundreds will celebrate Christmas with their flocks.

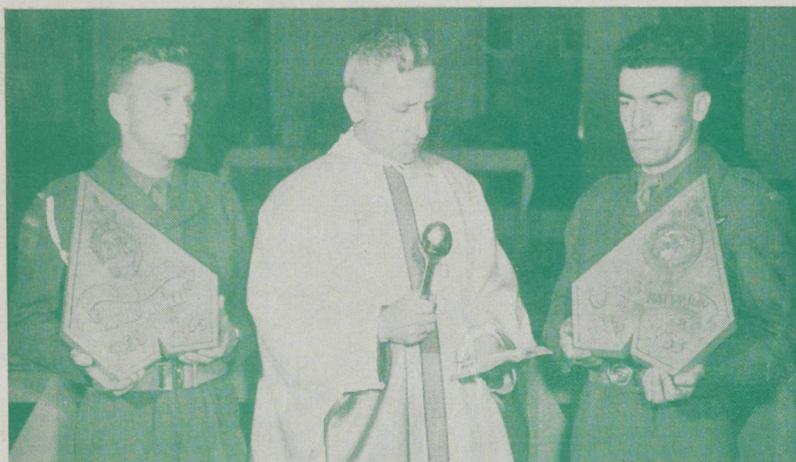
The missionary will have braved storm and wind, often travelling hundreds of miles away from the central mission residence, to bring Christmas joy to his people, be they a mere handful, huddled for warmth around the little mission chapel stove. There, at midnight, the wheezy organ will play the traditional hymns, the small crib will be the center of attraction, while the altar will be ablaze with candles and vigil-lights.

In the most remote and desolate mission station, the majestic rite of Midnight Mass will be performed with the same respect, devotion and spirit of adoration as in the greatest cathedral of the world.

Dear Indian reader, consider the sacrifices made by your missionary in order to bring you spiritual and temporal happiness on Christmas-Day. He is human too — he would have the right to enjoy Christmas at home, like

(Contd. p. 2, col. 3)

RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN GERMANY



"Our Lady of Canada" Catholic Church situated in the Canadian Camp near Iserlohn, Germany, was the scene of a recent presentation of hand-carved plaques by members of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery.

(National Defence Photo)

Dokis Builds Own Road

DOKIS BAY, Ont. — The Indians at Dokis Bay reserve in northern Ontario are building their own road to bring their hardwood logs from the reservation to Sturgeon Falls, Ont., for sale.

Eight veneer logs from the large stand of hardwood in the district bring the Indians income of \$100, but for years lack of an adequate road, has made it almost impossible to transport the logs to the Sturgeon Falls mill.

For years they have asked the province to build the road, but last year the tragic death by drowning of a band member while returning home from a shopping trip led to a council meeting at which band members decided to build the road themselves.

Edward Dokis, 38, the father of six children, died while negotiating the old tote road and crossing through the frozen area of muskeg and swamp. But in future, the Indians will have a fine road to travel and will cross the French

river by means of a \$10,000 bridge which they are paying for themselves.

Quick Access

Sale of logs is not the only benefit the Indians see in the eight-mile highway. It also means quick access to medical help at Sturgeon Falls if a band member becomes sick.

"The Indians also feel the road will serve as a graphic example of the fact that the first citizens of Canada are not persons to be treated as children," writes reporter Victor Laberge of the North Bay, Ont., Nugget.

"They are just as ambitious and full of initiative as any other Canadian. All they ask is a chance to prove it."

There are about 20 homes in the attractive Indian village at Dokis Bay on the French River. Most of the families have their own outboard motorboats which provide transportation during the summer months.

The village has an attractive school with 27 pupils, and a church which a Jesuit missionary from Sudbury visits every six weeks to say Mass.

During the summer, the Indians work as guides at the many resorts in the French river district. During the winter, their hardwood logs are their only source of income. They supplement their earnings by fishing and hunting.

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PLEASE RENEW
YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
PROMPTLY!
THANK YOU!

Christmas Greetings...

(from p. 1, col. 4)

all of you — but he is perhaps six thousand miles away from a home he may not have visited in ten years. He brushes away his nostalgic childhood memories and does his very best to shower joy and happiness to all. And he is truly happy in doing so!

The only cloud which brings sorrow is the knowledge that, on the sacred Christmas night, too many of his flock will not be partaking of Holy Communion, nor even be present at Church. And this, not on account of snow-blocked roads, nor of illness, but because too many, be they ever so few, are celebrating Christmas the modern and pagan way: feasting, drinking, dancing.

Yet, after Mass is over, he will dispense gladly his humble treasures, even to the late-comers, toys, clothing, candies, which were piled neatly under the Christmas tree in the mission hall.

Dear Indian reader, do enjoy Christmas, the greatest gift of the Lord, by receiving Holy Communion and by sharing with others, like your missionary, your gifts and presents, in the sight of the Divine Babe lying in the humble crib at your mission chapel.

Father G. Laviolette, O.M.I.

In Eskimoland

OTTAWA — Rev. Paul Deltombe, an Oblate missionary father, has just returned to Ottawa after eight years in the Arctic.

Father Deltombe was stationed with another priest at the lonely Eskimo mission at Ivuyivik on the Hudson Strait. He will spend the winter in his homeland, Belgium, and return next spring to his missionary work in the north.

He said money was no problem in the little community of 150 Eskimos because they never used it. But this meant, he said, that the priests of the mission had to act as a sort of "credit house."

"They'd bring us slips from the police showing how many family allowance cheques they were entitled to," he said. "And we'd make out credit notes for them."

"In the eight years I was there I only saw real dollar bills a few times."

The priests acted not only as bankers but as medical doctors and advisers on all kinds of problems.

When he arrived the mission house was the only frame building in the settlement of igloos. Now a few of the Eskimos are building houses of wood, Father Deltombe said.

During the winter the temperature at Ivuyivik drops as low as 50 degrees below zero.

LIVING WITNESSES

(from p. 1, col. 3)

pampers the body to the detriment of the soul.

Today, more than ever before, the Church needs Indians who, instead of adopting pagan influences, will be living witnesses to Christ, following the example of the saints pictured on p. 1 with Mary and Her Divine Child, Gregory the Great, John the Baptist, John the Apostle, Julian, Dominic and Francis.

G.L., o.m.i.

CHIEF TOM DIES AT 111

POWELL RIVER — Chief Tom, 111-year-old former chief of the Sliammon tribe is dead.

The chief, one of the oldest persons in the province, headed his tribe until he was defeated in tribal elections in 1950.

He was with the Indian party which paddled a canoe from Sliammon creek to New Westminster, a distance of nearly 75 miles, to bring the first missionary to the tribe in 1890.

He received a telegram from King George VI thanking him for a canoe which he built and was used in the coronation parade.

He also received a telegram from the King, congratulating him on his 100th birthday.

Chief Tom was buried in Powell River.

R. I. P.

Indian Population In B.C. Increasing

British Columbia's Indian population is on the increase, F. Earl Anfield, Indian Agent from Vancouver, told the annual meeting of the B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society, recently.

The Indian population which for years was on the decline due largely to deaths from tuberculosis, was now growing rapidly, he said.

The population has reached the 33,000 mark.

Totem-Pole Carver

NANAIMO, B.C. — A skilled totem pole carver is passing on the art not only to his sons, as is the custom, but also to his daughter.

Edna John is the main understudy to her father, Jimmy John, famed Nootka Indian carver now living on Nanaimo No. 4 Indian reserve at Cedar.

Aged and gentlemanly Jimmy learned his craft from his father. He has carved totem poles and made ceremonial head pieces for Nootka chiefs since he was 13.

His totems are to be found on the Malahat and in Victoria. Tourists on both island and mainland have bought his small totems for years.

His daughter Edna is learning the craft well. Her entry of a carved totem pole won second place during the summer at the international handicrafts competition in Warsaw, Poland.

Band Membership Lists Revised

Only 36 Lose Indian Status

OTTAWA. — The Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, Mr. Pickersgill, made the following announcement on Nov. 30: "Under the revised Indian Act which came into force in 1951, about eight hundred protests regarding Band membership have been received by the Indian Affairs Branch.

The protests were about equally divided between claims from those who said they had been wrongfully omitted from Band lists and objections to the inclusion of other names on the lists. The main objections to inclusion were either that the person concerned was not an Indian, within the meaning of the Indian Act, or that membership had been recorded in the wrong Band.

"In about three hundred and seventy-five cases the necessary corrections were made by the Registrar shortly after the reception of the protests.

In the other cases, largely composed of protests against the inclusion of persons on Band lists, Commissioners were appointed to investigate the protests and hear evidence. This procedure was adopted in order to provide a proper hearing to the interested Indians. Twenty Commissioners were appointed and submitted their reports to the Registrar.

"The decisions on the protests referred to the Commissioners for investigation were withheld until all the Commissioners had sub-

mited their reports so that the Registrar could compare facts and evidence before making his decision. It was felt this would assure greater uniformity of treatment.

The Commissioners report across Canada all but thirty-six persons whose inclusion on Band lists was protested have been found to be of Indian status under the Indian Act. The wives and descendants of the persons protested are also affected by the decision of the Registrar.

"The Indian Act provides that when a person is declared to be of non-Indian status such person is entitled to receive compensation for whatever permanent improvement he made on lands in a reserve and arrangements are being made to carry out this provision of the law in the cases where protests were successful.

"There are still fifty-one protests to be disposed of by the Registrar, twenty-seven from the Samson Band in Alberta, twenty-three from the Peepeekisis Band in Saskatchewan and one from the Caughnawaga Band in Quebec."

MISSIONER TO INDIANS HAD MIRACLE POWER

By John WILFRED

Gabriel Druillettes, a famous Jesuit priest-missionary of Canada and the U.S.A., was born in France in 1610, and died in Quebec in 1681. He is reputed by historians to have had the power of working miracle cures.

Druillettes entered the Society of Jesus at Toulouse in 1629, and came to Canada in 1643. After studying the Algonquin tongue, he accompanied the Indians on their winter hunting expeditions, sharing in all their privations.

The historian Parkman calls attention to the extraordinary piety of those Montagnais, who were mostly Christians, as well as to the great sufferings undergone by the missionary.

From 1646 to 1652 Father Druillettes worked among the Abénakis of the country that is now the State of Maine.

Peace Envoy

In 1650 he was sent from Quebec as envoy of the government to negotiate a treaty at Boston with the Puritans of New England for commercial purposes, as well as for mutual protection against the Iroquois.

He was received with great kindness by the principal men in the English colonies, notably by the famous missionary John Eliot, and by Major-General Gibbons.

After 1652 he labored among the Montagnais Indians at Sillery and Three Rivers. In 1658 he embarked with Father Garreau on an Indian flotilla to go to the Ot-

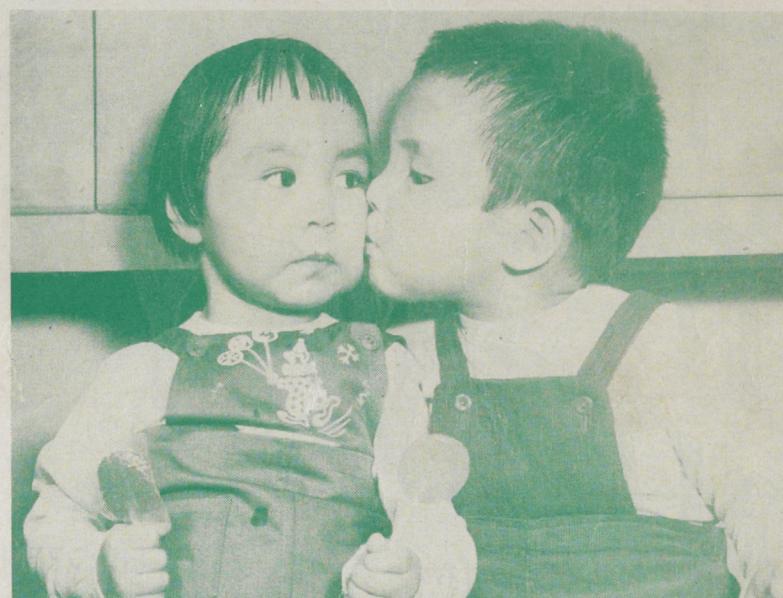
tawas near Lake Superior; but the party was attacked near Montreal, Garreau was slain, and the expedition seems to have been abandoned.

Priest Tried to Reach North Sea
Druillettes and Father Dablon then attempted to reach the North Sea. In 1660 they paddled up the Saguenay, reached Lake St. John, and continued their course up a tributary, which they called the River of the Blessed Sacrament, finally coming to Nekouba, 29 days from Tadoussac.

As the Indians refused to go any farther north and the country offered no prospect of a mission, the travelers returned to Quebec. In 1670 he was at Sault Ste. Marie and was one of those who participated with Allouez and Marquette in the famous "taking possession" of the country by Saint-Lusson in May, 1671.

Druillettes was regarded as a man of great sanctity, and miracles are attributed to him. He was remarkable for his knowledge of the Indian languages, and Marquette, before going West, was sent to study Algonquin under his direction at Three Rivers. His work among the Indians extended over a period of 38 years.

ESKIMOS AND INDIANS NOW FRIENDLY



Lily, 2, an Eskimo child from Fort Harrison has to be bribed by photographer Michael Burns with lollipops before she would pose with Indian child Bobby Dick of Moose Factory at the Crippled Children's Clinic held at Moose Factory, Ont.

(Michael Burns Photo)

NOOTKA MEMORIAL TO RECALL LANDING OF FIRST SPANIARDS

By TONY DICKASON, in the ENSIGN

NOOTKA, Vancouver Island, B.C. — A project is under way here to establish a memorial church commemorating the first landing of Spanish priests. The government of Spain has expressed interest in the scheme.

Spanish ambassador to Canada Mariano de Yturralde has informed his government that the diocese of Victoria, which includes Vancouver Island, plans to make the proposed church a memorial to the early Spanish Franciscan missionaries who labored in the field nearly six years during the 1790s.

One of the treasured documents to be placed in the church is a rare parchment written personally by Saint Pius X, dated April 23, 1908, in which he conveyed apostolic blessings to Indian chiefs and their families.

While 170 years isn't long as Church history is measured, it embraces the entire history of Catholicism in this lonely area of mountains and fjords.

Franciscan Missionaries

The first Franciscans to visit the Indians were Fathers Juan Crespi and Thomas de la Pena, who were with an expedition which sailed into the area aboard the Santiago from Monterey in 1774.

During the six years of Spanish occupation of Nootka, from 1789 to 1795, Franciscans acted not only as chaplains to the garrison, but worked also for conversion of the Indians.

The saintly Father Magin Catala — Catala Sound now bears his name — was there for 13 months, and was succeeded by Father Comez.

When the Spaniards left, about 20 Christian natives accompanied Father Gomez, the better to lead lives compatible with their newfound ideals.

Probably the great devotion of Spanish sailors to the Blessed Virgin is the source of an invocation uttered even today by Indians during bad weather. They sing: "Chou-chist Kakoom," meaning: "Queen, let the sea be quiet."

The Spanish settlement was the last link with Christianity the Indians had until a visit by Bishop Charles Seghers in 1869, when a mission was founded here.

The New Church

The previous church here was burned about 18 months ago after well over a half-century of service.

To date, \$25,000 has been subscribed. Estimated cost is \$60,000. It will be of stone, as was the first church built in Spanish days.

Funds received so far include a generous grant from the Canadian Catholic Conference, a \$3,000 donation from the Church Extension Society, and a gift of \$5,000 from Bishop John Cody of London, Ont., former bishop of Victoria and long interested in Nootka work with the Indians.

Denuded Country

Manitoba's Indian population is reported to be multiplying at a rate almost three times as fast as the whites.

This may start a movement to give the country back to the Indians. Probably they'd reject the offer on considering how the country has been denuded of forests and what the hunting and fishing are like these days.

THE TALE OF THE NATIVITY

as told by the

INDIAN CHILDREN OF INKAMEEP

British Columbia

"THE TALE OF THE NATIVITY", as told by the Indian children of Inkameep, in Southern British Columbia, was originally printed for the Society for the Furtherance of Indian Arts and Crafts, which had been founded by the late Miss Alice Ravenhill, of Victoria, B.C. Since the last printing of this story was made in July 1945, over 10 years ago, we felt that it should be reprinted now for the enjoyment of the thousands of readers of the "Indian Missionary Record" across Canada.

The man to whom credit should be given for the "Tale of the Nativity" is sympathetic Mr. Anthony Walsh, who in 1930, went to live among the Okanagan Indians in the valley of Inkameep, where he taught school. To his pupils, the story of the Nativity was already known; to them, it was more than a legend from a far-off land; it was, above all, part of a great religious tradition and thus worthy of their greatest respect.

As you read the "Tale of the Nativity" you will realize its poetic quality and how the Indian children of Inkameep have taken into their hearts its spiritual teaching to such a degree that Mr. Walsh allowed them to pour out the story to him in their own words. It is from the very words of the Indian pupils of Inkameep that the present "Tale of the Nativity" was originally compiled.

In order to keep in close contact with the Holy Scriptures, we have taken the liberty of adding sub-titles to the story; we have clarified two sentences, one dealing with the Virginity of Mary, the other with that of Joseph, foster-father of the Divine Child.

The illustrations are by Sis-hi-lk, an Indian artist who has achieved world fame.

(We acknowledge with deep gratitude this valuable contribution of the "Society for the Furtherance of Indian Arts and Crafts".)

AT the time of our story all the Indian Tribes were ruled by a Great Chief. One day in March, when all the people of the Okanagan were still living in their lodges of tule-matting or in their underground houses, the Virgin Mary was sitting in her lodge making moccassins for her father Joachim. It was a nice day, the sky was blue. Suddenly she heard the sound of a great wind but when she looked out at the trees they were not moving.

THE ANGEL APPEARS TO MARY

Then the sound of wind stopped. Mary looked up. She saw a tall Man with wings, dressed in white. She felt afraid; she was not able to move. The Man with wings saw she was afraid. He said,

"Do not be afraid, Mary, I am bringing you a message from God. He wants you to be the mother of His Son."

Mary bent her head and was very surprised. She could not understand why out of all the women she was chosen. So she ran and

told her mother what the Man had said.

Then her mother called her husband and they talked over the strange thing that had happened. Joachim said, "We will have to send for our friend Joseph to come and see us." So Joseph came and stayed at the camp as he was to become the virgin husband of Mary.

MARY VISITS HER COUSIN

Two or three months after Mary had been married she said to Joseph she wanted to go and

see her cousin Elizabeth, who lived on the other side of the valley. Joseph said, "All right. I will get a horse for you and you can take some skins for covering, some dried roots, fish and deer meat to give your cousin. Take Watchie, your dog, to look after you." And her little pet chipmunk rode with her.

As Mary went along she sang because she was so happy. The rock roses were out on sandy places. The birds had all come back from the south and the trees looked nice and green.

When she came to Elizabeth's camp the dogs began to bark and Elizabeth came running out. She smiled when she saw who her visitor was. She helped Mary off her horse, then kissed her and said, "I have been thinking about you a lot for the last week, wondering if you would soon be coming to see us. Just tie the horse to the tree. When Zachary gets back, he will take him down to the creek for a drink. Come in and have some tea. The kettle will soon be boiling." Then Mary had some tea and cookies, which Elizabeth had made from flour by grinding the seeds of sunflowers.

They had such a happy visit. They started to make clothes for their two baby boys. They helped each other tan the softest fawn skin they could find and Zachary caught a porcupine and the women died the quills to decorate the Baby Boards. They spent hours and hours working, because they wanted them to be the prettiest Baby Boards that had ever been seen in the valley.

After many weeks Mary said she must be going home because poor Joseph would be getting lonesome for her. Elizabeth made a parcel of the best things she could think of and strapped them to the rawhide saddle. Joseph had a feeling Mary soon would be coming home, so he had the camp all

nice and clean. He caught some young trout and he nearly cried when he saw his lovely wife come riding into the camp because he was so happy.

A LONG WINTER TRIP

Although Mary was very tired, she just washed her face and went and cooked supper. Then she and Joseph sat down and talked until the sun went down behind the mountains on the west side of the lake, for Joseph had much to tell her.

The Great Chief who ruled them all had sent messengers to all his people while Mary was away, to say he had so many that he wanted to find out just how many there were. So the messengers told them that they were to go to the Head Meeting Place of the Tribe and put their marks down on sheets of birch bark and paint their signs with red ochre.

It was now winter, and Joseph felt very sorry about having to take Mary, because she was so weak. He started a little earlier than the remainder of the tribe, because he had to go slowly on account of Mary. They took with them her two pets, Top-kan, a young coyote puppy and Kots-se-we-ah, her little chipmunk.

When they reached the great lake where all the people were gathered they found the lodges crowded and there was not even any room in the shelters. Joseph felt hurt but he tried to be cheerful, and told Mary to rest under a tree and he would soon find her a quiet place. He then covered her over with fur robes and searched until he found a little cave. There he carried Mary and went out to get some fir boughs and sage brush for a bed.

SHELTER IN A CAVE

While he was gone a deer and her fawn came down from the hills and coming into the cave



The Animals and Birds Try to Console Mary and Joseph

stood by Mary and breathed on her to keep her warm. Then some jack-rabbits left their home under the wild rose bushes and sat at her feet which made her feel cosy. Soon afterwards a flock of chickadees came flying in, and perching on some pieces of rock sang their cheerful songs to comfort her. When Joseph returned and saw how kind the creatures had been to his dear wife he no longer felt sad, but thanked God for His kindness in sending him such good friends in his trouble.

The night became clear with many stars and right over the cave there shone the brightest star that had ever been seen in the valley. The animals and birds seeing how tired both Mary and Joseph looked did some tricks to make them feel happier.

The rabbits pretended that they were clowns as they jumped about and danced on their hind legs and then on their front ones, at the same time wagging their long ears. The mother deer and her little fawn had a butting match with their heads, while the birds swooped and soared, as they sang in the sweetest way they could.

THE SON OF GOD IS BORN

When the hour of midnight drew near all of them formed a wall between the man Joseph and the maid Mary. Just at the hour the owl hooted twelve times and the cry of the Divine Baby Jesus was heard; and all the inhabitants of the cave bent their heads to the ground. Then in the heavens a number of Men with Wings sang their songs of praise, while the winged drummers kept up a roll of drums.

Joseph then arose and helped Mary wash the Baby. They wrapped Him in the softest doe skins and tied Him to His beautiful cradle-board, which they had spent many, many hours making as lovely as they knew how. When they stood Him up for all to see, all the creatures, both feathered and furred, made their own special noise of happiness.

Although the Baby was so tiny, He was God, so He gave them all a lovely smile to show how pleased He was.

Sometime later footsteps were heard coming across the snow. The visiting creatures ran quickly to the back of the cave. But Top-kan and Kot-se-we-ah were used to menfolk so they just sat down, one on each side of the Baby, and waited for the visitors.

THE SHEPHERDS AND THE ANGELS

Joseph went outside and welcomed these new-comers, hill-men

who came from afar. They told him that after they had put their marks on the birch bark they had returned to their own camp to look after their children's pets and see that no harm came to them. There was a young mountain sheep, black bear cubs, grey squirrels and some sick birds that had not been able to fly to the warm south.

The men went on to say that they had been sleeping around a fire under the trees when they awoke to hear singing. The heavens were full of Men with Wings, who told them that a Great Chief had been born in a cave near the lake. These Men of the Air had also said that they would look after the pets and stay with them until the men returned.

Joseph let the men come in one at a time. They knelt and looked down on the beautiful Baby, and though they did not speak out loud they told Him all that was in their hearts.

The youngest man who was a cripple then went up and put his pet brown mouse on the corner of the cradle. It stood up on its hind legs, tucked its front feet under its chin and bowed to the Baby. Then it crawled into the lacing near the feet of the Baby, curled up and went to sleep.

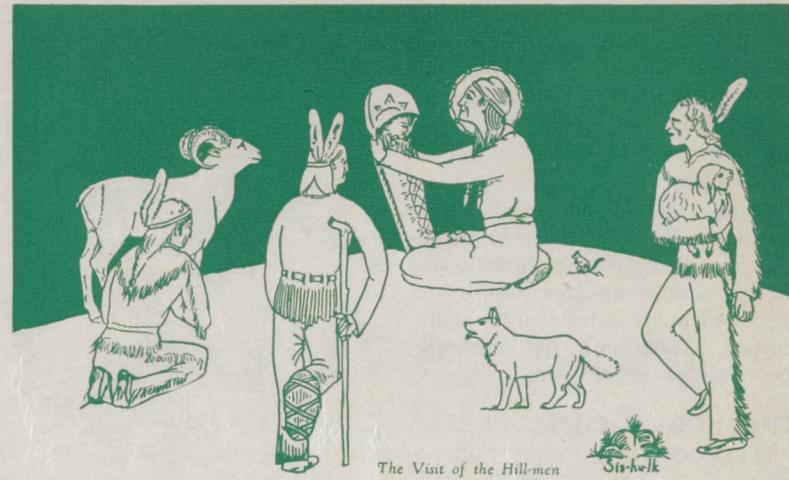
The oldest man had brought the prettiest of mountain lambs and laid it at Mary's feet. Then, each in turn, went up and shook hand with Mary. After they had warmed themselves at the fire and Joseph had made them some tea, they bowed their heads and left.

THE GREAT STAR SHINES

Sometimes before this the people who lived in the southern countries had seen a great Star. Their Teller of Stories had always said that when a very big star would be seen, it would mean that a new Chief would be born, who would one day become greater than any other man who ever lived. Therefore there was great excitement among the people. They chose three of their wisest men to go and adore the Great Chief and take presents to him.

The people who lived in the western parts of the Pacific Ocean sent a tiny canoe that had taken over a year to make. The people from the Pinyon Brush country sent sweet smelling gum that would scent the lodge for the Baby. While the people from the dry south country were Darkies, and they sent a cloak made from palm leaves to protect Him from the weather.

These three men travelled separately till they reached one of the main trails to the north coun-



The Visit of the Hill-men

Sis-hawk

try and there they happened to meet. They asked each other what they were doing and where they were going. When they found out that they were all going to the same place to see the new Chief, they said: "Let's go together," and they did.

THE MAGI VISIT HEROD

They followed the Star until they came to a large camp of Indian people. The Head Chief there was a very powerful and cruel man. When he heard of the coming of the three strangers he asked them to see him. He then pretended to be very friendly towards the new Chief, and wished them to call again as they came back and tell him where he could find this Babe, so that he might go and take him presents.

The night after the visitors left the big Star appeared once more, and by following it the Three Chiefs arrived in the valley where the Baby lay in the cave. Two of them rode beautiful horses, but one was on a she-camel which terrified the women and children and caused much talk among the men.

The women and children all ran away to the hills for they had never seen such a strange looking animal, while even the animals in the cave crouched down behind the rocks and scarcely breather and the birds flew to the tallest trees and did not let even a tiny chirrup betray where they were. There was just Mary, Joseph and the Baby left to welcome the three.

THE MAGI OFFER GIFTS TO JESUS

As each in turn offered his gifts Mary's heart was filled with great joy. They stayed for a few days and told Joseph much of their ways of life and their journeys. The Darkie was never so happy as when he could make the Baby smile as he sang to Him the songs, happy and haunting, of his people. Then they made ready to go.

It was while they slept that a Man with Wings woke them and told them that they must not go back to the big camp; they must cross the mountains by another trail, because the Chief of the big camp was jealous of the young Baby and wanted to harm Him.

How proud Mary was of her Baby. He was all that she had hoped that He would be, and Joseph was very happy, too. He always heated the bath water and watched Mary when she bathed her Little Son in the birch bark bath tub. On the sixth day, they bundled Him up warmly, covered Him up with many bear robes and took Him to see the Priest in a large lodge.

THE PRESENTATION OF JESUS

As all the mourning doves had gone to the countries in the south, Joseph took a pair of quails as an offering.

When the pair of quails knew that they were to be honoured they washed themselves in the new fallen snow and preened their feathers so that they shone like velvet, and Quail Wife breathed on Quail's head feathers and polished them so highly that she was able to see if she herself was all spick and span without having to go down and look in the waters of the lake.

The priest was a very old man with long white hair. As he took the Child and blessed it, a great happiness came into his heart, for he knew that this was the Saviour whom he had waited so long to see. His throat became full and he had a hard job to give the Child the name, Jesus.

Then he raised his eyes to heaven and said: "Now, O Lord, send away your servant because my eyes have seen the Saviour." Then he turned to Mary and said a very sad thing — that one day a sword would cut her heart. Then he blessed all three.

As they were going away an old woman prophetess stopped

them and asked if she might hold the Baby. When she gave back the Baby, she hurried out to tell the people that she had seen a Great Chief, and that the priest had given Him the name of Jesus or Saviour.

When the people heard, they were sorry for Mary and her Baby who had to live in a dark cave. So they found a lodge and fixed it up and made it nice and weatherproof. Mary now felt that all her troubles were over.

THE HOLY FAMILY FLEES TO ANOTHER COUNTRY

But this was not to be, because a few nights later, a Man with Wings came and told Joseph to take the Baby away at once, because a War party was coming to the camp to kill the Baby.

Joseph with a heavy heart woke Mary and told her what the Man with Wings had said to him.

Then although she was hardly awake, she started to get together all the clothes and robes that belonged to the Baby. She put these in one bag and in another put some dried fish, deer meat and roots. By this time Joseph had all his bags here.

Mary looked around the lodge once more where she thought she would have been safe and happy. Then with tears in her eyes, she picked up the Baby and Kot-se-we-ah and joined Joseph. And as he guided her through the lodges there was a prayer on her lips asking for protection during the difficult journey which lay ahead of them.

A DIFFICULT JOURNEY

They crossed over the mountains by one of the smaller trails which was not generally used in winter time. And as Mary prayed she suddenly felt no longer afraid; it was as though she was surrounded by many strong friends.

She did not know it, but there were Winged Men to the north, south, east and west of them. When they came to the big snow-drifts the guardians spread their wings out for the tired party of three to walk on. The travellers kept on. Each day's walk was followed by a night of sleep.

In spite of all the hardships, the Baby kept wonderfully well. Once they were clear of the mountains and the cold northern winds and the weather became warmer, He started to put on weight.

After many weeks of walking, they came to a small valley. There they made a camp. It was to be their home for years. It was here that the Baby started to crawl and walk.



The Guardians Spread Their Wings in the Snow

He was always accompanied by Top-kan, who took it on himself to care for the Child, and when He got tired he would either take up the Baby in his mouth or else coax him to climb on his back and then would walk very slowly back to camp.

The colorful butterflies always attracted the young Boy and He loved to race across the flat lands throwing out His arms and pretending to dip and sway like them.

The older He grew the more He loved the Spring and Fall flowers, and He always asked Mary to put some in the little birchbark baskets in the lodge. He also loved to ride on Joseph's shoulder to the deep pools where the silver fish flashed and darted among the rocks. He would sit very still listening to the song of the creek while Joseph was fishing.

Although Mary was content she looked forward to the day when she might return to her country, so that she could see her cousin

once more. She also wanted to meet and talk with her old friends, and she thought it would be good for the Boy to meet other children of her own tribe.

Then there came a time when the bad Chief died. Again a Man with Wings appeared to Joseph and told him that all was well, and that they could return to their own country once more. Their exile was at an end.

On the way back Mary asked Joseph if they might go and live in some other part of the valley. She did not want to return to the place where they had suffered so much. She would like to go to some quiet camp where the north wind did not blow too hard and where the people would be kind to her and the Boy.

Joseph said, "I will do whatever you wish, Mary, you know that all I want is to see you and the Boy happy." Tears came into Mary's eyes as she thought of the goodness, care and devotion of this quiet, gentle man for her and the Boy.

— THE END —

First Midnight Mass In 1865

by Roy Lewis

LEBRET, Sask. — Midnight Mass will be celebrated in a big stone church that seats 500 persons at Lebret this year, but 90 years ago it was celebrated in a teepee.

In 1865 and again in 1872, Archbishop Alexandre Taché, of St. Boniface and Father Hugonard celebrated Mass in a teepee alongside the Qu'Appelle lakes.

In 1866 a log church was built. A few years later it burned down, but another was built to replace it. Then, 30 years ago, the present big church was built at a cost of \$90,000.

Although the spirit of the nativity celebrations is unchanged since those early days, there will be many difference in the celebrations. Electric lights will replace the humble oil lamps, the Indians once burned. A beautiful organ will play, instead of the violinists who accompanied the singers.

Midnight Mass will also be celebrated at the Lebret residential school, as it has been since the school was founded in 1884.

Christmas is still a day for giving and receiving gifts, for feasting and for visiting. All children and grandchildren gather around the head of the family to pay their respects to him and eat at his table. And it is still the custom for him, at early dawn, to invoke the blessing of God upon the numerous descendants kneeling about him.

CHRISTMAS ROSE HALLOWED BY LEGEND

The delicate beauty of the Christmas-rose is hallowed by legend.

A poor shepherd girl, the story goes, wept bitterly as she watched the Wise Men on their way to the Christ Child bearing rich gifts when she had nothing.

An angel appeared. Upon learning the reason for the girl's dis-

A Native Version Of The Twenty-Second Psalm Of David

The Great Father above a Shepherd Chief is. I am His and with Him I want not.

He throws out to me a rope (and the name of the rope is LOVE); He draws me to where the grass is green and the water not dangerous, and I eat and lie down and am satisfied.

Sometimes my heart is very weak and falls down but He lifts me up again and draws me into a good road.

He will draw me into a valley. It is dark there but I'll draw back not. I'll be afraid not, for it is between those mountains that the Shepherd Chief will meet me and the hunger that I have in my heart will be satisfied.

He spreads a table before me with all kinds of foods. He puts His hand upon my head and all the tiredness is gone. My cup he fills till it runs over.

Those roads that are away ahead will stay with me through this life and after; and afterwards I will go to live in the Big Teepee and sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever.

Saint Nicholas Was Bishop of Myra

Saint Nicholas lived some 1600 years ago in Turkey where he was for 17 years Bishop of Myra.

Today, the place is known as Demre, province of Antalya — where his church may still be found and one may get hear of the generous acts which made his life a great legend and gave him the "Santa Claus" character we all know today.

It is said that Saint Nicholas, a man of great virtue and piety, became the patron saint of boys when he restored to life the sons of a rich Asiatic, who had been murdered by a robber-innkeeper while they were enroute to school at Athens.

It is also said that he was warned of the crime in a dream, but was unable to reach the inn in time to prevent the murders. He restored the boys to life through prayer and the murderer confessed his crime.

tress, the angel caused the ground to be carpeted with shining white flowers.

The young shepherdess gathered some blossoms. When she presented her gift, the Infant smiled and as His fingers touched the white flowers, the petals became tinged with pink.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE

GOD TELLS US OF HIMSELF

WHERE God is concerned we are not left merely to our study of the universe and to our own conclusions.

Mutual confidences are the law of friendship. And the two main characters in the drama of life are not to be denied such an exchange.

In Holy Scripture God has revealed Himself in a magnificent and sublime language becoming His own Infinite Dignity, yet with a simplicity perfectly adapted to our own limited capacity.

There we learn:

HIS NAME. "I am the Lord thy God," and "I am He who is." So He tells us that He alone exists in His own right. All else has but a "borrowed existence" dependent upon Him.

HIS NATURE. He alone is the ultimate source of all that is good and true and beautiful. And every departure from Him cannot but be to evil, error, and repulsive disfigurement of character.

(to be continued)

(Imprimatur Die Aug. 15, 1940, J. G. Murray, Archbishop of St. Paul, Minn.)

Father Renaud's Monthly Letter

Assumption, Alta.,
Nov. 27, 1955.



Dear boys and girls:

If you look for the above address on a map of Canada, you won't find it. The name has been changed recently. It used to be called Hay Lake; but there was a place called Hay Lakes, close to Edmonton and the mail addressed to Hay Lake went to Hay Lakes. So Hay Lake was renamed Assumption.

Assumption is in the north-western corner of Alberta, not very far from the Northwest Territories and the Yukon. It is really "down north"! Two nights ago the temperature was down to 50° below. Brr! that's really cold! The school here is the newest residential school in the province: it is only five years old. But the boys and girls are really catching up on you. Though their parents have never been to any school and speak their native language exclusively, they have learnt to speak, read and write English as well as any of you in the same grades. That's what a residential school can do: teach better and faster than most any other school.

The last time I wrote you, I had just finished visiting St. Michael's school at Duck Lake. Since then, I have spent a few days at each of the following schools: **Blue Quills**, where the boys and girls talk and read English as if they had been born with it; **Ermeskine**: two hundred boys and girls waiting restlessly to leave their old and cold fire-trap to move into

a brand new residence which is to be ready before Christmas; **Crowfoot**, proud of its new and spacious gym where cadets and cadettes drill like Princess Pat's regiment (am I right, Frances, Maisie, Eleanor and Brenda?); **Sturgeon Lake**, where they still remembered songs I had sung for them four years ago; and **Fort Vermilion**, where other boys and girls are waiting for the delayed completion of a new classroom block.

Which school do I like best? Why ask such a question? I don't like any of them, I love them all! I'm afraid I'll have a soft spot for the present one however: it's so isolated (one plane a month, winter roads four months at the most — in between: nothing!) The building is a little gem, especially in this wilderness, and the kids are just wonderful.

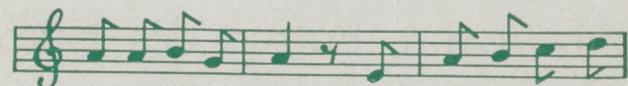
You will be leaving for Christmas soon. Best wishes to you all and to your kind parents! May the Child of Bethlehem send his guiding Star your way and may you follow it always!

O.G. Renaud O.M.I.

'Jesus Ahatonhia'



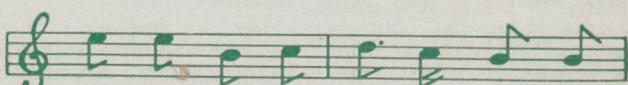
Twas in the moon of winter time when
in a lodge of bro - ken bark The
ear - liest moon of winter time is
chil - dren of the for - est free, O



all the birds had fled, That Might - y Git - chi
ten - der Bab was found, A rag - ged robe of
not so round and fair As was the ring of
sons of Man - i - tou. The Ho - ly Child of



Man - i - tou sent an - gel choirs in - stead. Be -
rab - bit skin en - wrapped His beau - ty 'round. And
glo - ry on the help - less In - fant there. While
earth and heav'n is born to - day for you. Come



fore their light the stars grew dim, And
as the hun - ter braves drew nigh, The
Chiefs from far be - fore Him knelt, With
kneel be - fore the ra - diant Boy, Who



wand - ring hun - ters heard the hymn; "Je - sus, your
an - gel song rang loud and high;
gifts of fox and bea - ver pelt.
brings you beau - ty peace and joy.



King, is born; Je - sus is born; in ex -



cel - sis glo - ri - al"

2. With
3. The
4. O

* by Roy Lewis

What is believed to be the first Canadian Christmas carol — "Jesus Ahatonhia — Jesus is Born" was written about 1641 by Jean de Brebeuf.

The Jesuit Missionary wrote the carol for the Huron Indians then living in Huronia on the shores of Georgian Bay.

The missionaries wanted to make church festivals interesting and attractive to the Indians. Breboeuf used his own knowledge of the Great Spirit or Manitou in writing the hymn in a language and with ideas the Indians would appreciate and understand.

It is believed he wrote it at St. Marie, the stone mission station on the Wye river near the present

town of Midland, Ont., not long before his suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois, hereditary enemies of the Huron people.

The hymn still exists. It was preserved by the descendants of the Hurons who survived the Iroquois invasions and settled at Lorette, Que., in 1650.

It was recently played on the beautiful chiming bells of the carillon in the Peace Tower of Canada's Parliament Buildings in Ottawa — ringing across the Chaudiere falls where the Indians portaged as they made their way between Montreal and Lake Nipissing and the Georgian Bay, centuries ago.



Heureuse et Sainte Année !

Saint Joseph, Patron des Hurons

Allocution prononcée par le R.P. Adrien POULIOT, à l'occasion du premier pèlerinage des Hurons de Lorette au sanctuaire ontarien des Saints Martyrs Canadiens, lors du dévoilement de la pierre commémorative sur la tombe de saint Jean de Brébeuf par Son Excellence Mgr G. L. Pelletier, évêque de Trois-Rivières, le 7 août 1955, consacrée à saint Joseph.

LORSQUE, le 22 mai 1633, après quatre ans d'absence tous deux, Samuel de Champlain et Jean de Brébeuf étaient débarqués à Québec, ces deux vétérans avaient décidé sur mer que, avec l'approbation du Père LeJeune, on reprendrait au plus tôt la mission huronne forcément abandonnée en 1629.

Dès le surlendemain, 24 mai, les arrangements sont pris avec quelques Hurons descendus pour la traite que trois Pères remonteront avec eux pour les industries : Brébeuf, Daniel et Davost. Hélas ! la traite finie, le vent changea et le départ des missionnaires fut différent d'un an.

Le 1er juillet 1634, profitant de la barque qui s'en allait fonder le poste des Trois-Rivières, Brébeuf et Daniel, qui suivraient bien-tôt le Père Davost, montaient, avec six compagnons laïcs, à la rencontre des Hurons.

Le Père de Brébeuf nous a laissé deux récits de son embarquement. Le premier est une lettre au Père LeJeune, écrite pendant le voyage et remise à d'autres Hurons rencontrés en chemin.

“Jamais, résume-t-il, je ne vis l'embarquement tant ballotté et plus traversé par les menées, comme je crois, de l'ennemi commun du salut des hommes. C'est un coup du ciel que nous soyons passés outre, et un effet du pouvoir du glorieux saint Joseph, auquel Dieu m'inspira, dans le désespoir de toutes choses, de promettre vingt sacrifices en son honneur.”

Le diable était opposé à l'entreprise; il avait mis tout en oeuvre

pour faire de nouveau rater le départ. Mais Dieu est plus fort que le diable et celui à qui l'Esprit-Saint a confié le Canada est proclamé, dans ses litanies, “la terreur des démons”.

A partir de ce moment, le Père de Brébeuf, conscient de la protection visible de saint Joseph, mûrit le projet de lui confier spécialement toute l'évangélisation des Hurons.

Dans la relation officielle qu'il adressera au Père LeJeune, le printemps suivant, racontant en premier lieu le laborieux départ des Trois-Rivières et rappelant son voeu, il dira : “Je fus plusieurs fois tout renversé et désespéré, jusqu'à ce que j'eus recours particulièrement à Notre Seigneur Jésus, pour l'unique gloire duquel nous entreprenions ce voyage et que j'eus fait un voeu au glorieux saint Joseph, nouveau patriarche des Hurons.”

Que c'est révélateur et inspirant de constater que le Père de Brébeuf prie intensément Notre-Seigneur et que Notre-Seigneur lui inspire d'offrir vingt messes en l'honneur de son père nourricier.

Patron du Canada

Patron du Canada depuis 1624, saint Joseph se voit donc confier par le Père de Brébeuf la noble race huronne, qui habite au cœur du Canada et qui compte, suppute le missionnaire, environ vingt mille âmes.

Une fois installée à Ihonatiria, qui devient Saint-Joseph d'Ihonatiria, c'est dans la visite des malades que les trois missionnaires



Sur le site de St-Ignace, le P. D. Hegarty, s.j., explique aux pèlerins hurons le martyre de St Jean de Brébeuf.

145 élèves au Pensionnat d'Amos

ST. MARC DE FIGUERY. — Les enfants de la forêt de l'ouest québécois reçoivent maintenant une instruction adéquate à leurs aptitudes, à leurs moeurs et à leur tempérament, grâce à la collaboration de la Division des Affaires Indiennes et de la Congrégation des Oblats de M.I.

Le pensionnat indien d'Amos est situé dans un décor enchanté près du lac La Motte, un élargissement de la rivière Harricana. Le jeune Indien ne s'y sentira pas dépayssé puisqu'il vivra au contact d'une nature sauvage et grandiose, un des plus beaux sites de l'Abitibi.

La maison, dirigée par les Pères Oblats, abrite déjà plus de 145 enfants de 7 à 11 ans, venant d'Obedjiwan, de Weymontaching et du district de Sanmarie.

Son Exc. Mgr Desmarais, évêque d'Amos, eut l'heureuse initiative de suggérer ce projet au gouvernement fédéral; et, il fut secondé par le député, M. David Gourde.

Le Père M. Grenon, O.M.I., huit ans missionnaire à la baie James, bachelier en éducation, rapporte dans “L'Echo Abitibien”, qu'il y

exercent d'abord leur zèle et mettent à l'épreuve leur connaissance de la langue.

“Ça été dans l'exercice de ce pieux exercice que nous avons acquis des âmes à Notre-Seigneur,” rapporte le Père de Brébeuf au Père LeJeune.

“La première fut une petite fille de ce village, âgée de quatre ou cinq mois. Elle mourut un quart d'heure après son baptême, auquel elle fut nommée Josephine, pour accomplir un voeu que j'avais fait de donner ce nom au premier que nous régénérions des saintes eaux, en reconnaissance de tant de faveurs que nous avons reçues et recevons par l'entremise de ce grand saint.”

Et plus loin, rendant grâces à Dieu de la santé des Pères et des domestiques, du succès de la chasse — ce qui leur gagne le cœur des Indiens, — enfin de la bonne conduite et de la paix qui ont régné parmi les Français, Brébeuf ajoute : “Nous devons aussi beaucoup au glorieux saint Joseph, époux de Notre-Dame et protecteur des Hurons, dont nous avons touché du doigt l'assistance plusieurs fois. Ce fut une chose remarquable que le jour de sa fête et durant l'octave les commodités nous venaient de toutes parts.”

La dévotion du Père de Brébeuf à saint Joseph, pour extraordinaire qu'elle soit, ne lui est pas exclusive. Elle est partagée par tous ses compagnons.

(à suivre)

avait déjà deux pensionnats du même genre dans le Québec : le premier, aux Sept-Îles, construit par le gouvernement fédéral, et le second à Fort-Georges, érigé par Son Exc. Mgr H. Belleau, O.M.I., Vicaire Apostolique de la Baie James.

Au pensionnat d'Amos on dispense l'enseignement primaire aux jeunes écoliers. Dix Soeurs de St-François d'Assise, sous la direction de la Rév. Mère St-Louis de France, donnent l'instruction catholique aux jeunes et entretiennent la maison.

Il y a aussi une maîtresse laïque et un professeur de cours manuels. Le Père Grenon est assisté d'un économie, le Père L.-R. Lafleur, d'un troisième Père et de six Frères, dont plusieurs sont chargés de l'exploitation de la ferme.

Comme le faisait remarquer le Directeur : “Les jeunes Indiens apprendront à lire et à écrire; plus tard, nous les dirigerons dans des métiers vers lesquels ils se sentiront attirés le plus. Nous voulons les initier à l'agriculture, mais bien peu y sont portés.”

L'enseignement ne sera pas chose facile; il faudra apprendre à ces jeunes le français que la plupart ignorent.

Le Père Grenon, qui parle trois dialectes (l'algonquin, l'otchipwé et le cri), a enregistré les prières sur bandes sonores, et les transmet par haut-parleurs dans les salles de récréation, aux dortoirs et à la chapelle.

Le pensionnat d'Amos comporte six salles de classe, deux grandes salles de récréation, quatre dortoirs pour les filles et quatre autres pour les garçons, un vaste réfectoire et une cuisine des plus modernes. Toutes les pièces sont aérées, claires et peinturées aux couleurs appropriées. Cinq jeunes Indiennes, entraînées aux travaux manuels, vaquent aux soins de l'établissement. Le service médical est assuré par le ministère de la Santé nationale et du Bien-être social.

PRIÈRE DE
RENOUVELER
VOS ABONNEMENTS
SANS RETARD. MERCI.
C.P. 94, OTTAWA